[DEDICATORY SONNETS.]

To the right noble lord HENRY, earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.

mighty Lord! these verses to peruse, Which my black mournful Muse presenteth here! Blushing, at her first entrance, in for fear; Where of herself, her self She doth accuse, And seeking Patronage, bold means doth use
To shew that duty, which in heart I bear To your thrice noble House ! which shall outwear Devouring Time itself, if my poor Muse Divine aright: whose virtuous excellence She craves, her ruder style to patronise. Vouchsafe, then, noble Lord ! to give defence ; Who, when her brighter glory shall arise, Shall fly to fetch Fame, from her Fort of Brass; Which, with your virtues, through the world shall pass !